Mar. My thinks sweet Madame-Is the winde Westerly that blowes?

Leon. South. west.

Mar. When I was borne, the winde was North.

Leon. Wast so?

Mar. My father, as Nurse saith, did neuer feare, but cryed good sea-men to the saylers, galling his Kingly hands hailing ropes, and clasping to the Mast. endured a sea that almost burst the decke.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was borne, neuer was waues nor winde more violent, and from the ladder tackle, washes off a canuas clymer, ha, saith one, wilt out? and with a dropping industry they skipe from sterne to sterne: the Boat-swaine whistles, and the Master calles and trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come, say your prayers.

Mar. What meane you?

Leon If you require a little space for prayer, I grant it pray, but be not tedious, for the Gods are quicke of eare, and I am sworne to do my worke with haste.

Mar Why, will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfie my Lady.

Mar. Why would she haue me kild now? as I can remember by my troth, I neuer did her hurt in all my life, I neuer spake bad word, nor did ill turne to any liuing creature beleeue me now, I never kild a Mouse, nor hurt a Flie: I trod vpon a worme once against my will, but I wept for it. How haue I offended wherein my death might yeeld her any profite, or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My Commission is not to reason of the deed, but doo't.

Mar. You will not doo't for all the world, I hope: you are well fauoured, and your lookes fore-shew you haue a very gentle heart, I saw you lately when you caught hurt in parting two that fought: good-sooth it shewd well in you, do so now, your Lady seekes my life, come you betweene, and saue poore me the weaker.

Leon. I am sy, orne, and will dispatch.

Enter

Enter

Pirat 1. Hold villaine.

Pirat 2. A prize, a prize.

Pirat 3. Halfe part mates, ha

sodainely.

Enter

Leon. These roguing theeu

they haue seised *Marina*, let

turne: Ile swere shee's dead

further, perhaps they will not

carry her aboard, if shee rema

Whom they haue rauisht, mu

Enter the

Pander. Boult.

Boult. Sir.

Pander. Search the marke

lants, wee lost too much mo

lesse.

Band. We were neuer so m

poore three, and they can doe

with continuall action are as

Pander. Therefore lets h

them, if there be not a conse

shall neuer prosper.

Band. Thou saiest true,

stards, as I thinke I haue bro

Boult. I to eleuen and brou

But shall I search the market

Band. What else man? the

blow it to pieces, they are so

Pander. Thou saist true, t

the poore *Thransiluanian* is d

Boult. I shee quickly pou